

HELL in an Uproar : 8

Occasion'd by a

SCUFFLE

That happen'd between the

LAWYERS

AND THE

PHYSICIANS,

FOR

SUPERIORITY.

A

SATYR.

*Dic reads his Satyr, the People all
Into a Fit of Laughter fall :
Old Gammer Cis'ly, and her Daughter,
Laugh till they cannot hold their Water :
Whilst Lawyers and great Politicians
Scuffle in Hell with the Physicians.*

Printed in the Year 1725.

HELL IN AN EDITION

OF THE

SCOUTS

That happened between the

LAWYERS

AND THE

PHYSICIANS



SUPPLEMENT

A

SATYRE

The reader is informed that the People of
this City of London have
been informed that the
Borough of London has been
informed that the
Borough of London has been
informed that the

Printed by J. Smith, 177, Strand

(3)



HELL *in an Uproar :*

Occasion'd by a

SCUFFLE

That happen'd between the

LAWYERS

AND THE

PHYSICIANS,

FOR

SUPERIORITY.

VExt with damn'd Law-suits all my abject Life,
And what is worse, a bed-rid scolding Wife,
As from the Hall, where Judges grave do sit,
I came to *Tom's* to rectify my Wit

A 2

With

With dismal *Coffee*, lo, I chanc'd to nod,
 And fall a Victim to the sleepy God :
 My Soul the juncture watch'd, who glad to see
 The Body leave it to its Liberty,
 Fled thro' the Regions of Æthereal Light,
 Into the Land of Darkness, Death and Night.
 A Land whose Borders joyn next Door to Hell,
 Where, as I was inform'd, Death did dwell.

'Tis barren, cold, depopulated, dark,
 No Light I saw, but what flew from the Spark
 Of Torches, or the Flames of Fun'ral Piles,
 Still us'd by *Indians* in the Eastern Isles,
 Or from some Lamp which commonly doth burn
 For many Ages by a Fun'ral Urn.
 No mortal Creature dwelt within its Bounds,
 But nasty Worms which made polluted Wounds
 In stinking Flesh, and putrid Blood,
 Which there lay tainting ever since the Flood.
 And in the midst of this most dismal Land
 The Court of Nature's Slaughterman doth stand.
 Whose Palace is hung i'th' Inside and without
 With *Agues*, *Dropsies*, *Chollick*, *Palsies*, *Gout*,
 Inside with *Cancers*, *Ruptures*, *Ulcers*, *Pox*,
 And all the Plagues of curs'd *Pandora's* Box,
 There on a Throne, rais'd on a high Ascent
 Of some great King's Sepulch'ral Monument,
 Death, Hell's Purveyor, sat in Royal State,
 Grinning at Man's most miserable Fate.
 Crowned with Wrath, he for his Sceptre bore
 An Iron Dart that reak'd with human Gore :
 His Robes were made of *March-Cloth*, in which
 The *Romans* burnt the Bodies of the Rich,
 To send their Souls the sooner to that Place,
 Where neither Death nor Time can them deface :

His

His Robes dy'd Grimson of the deepest Hew,
 And wasting cares for Shirts like Lightning flew,
 Horror, despair and anguish furr'd his Gown,
 Ten thousand thousand tears adorn'd his Crown,
 Which wives for husbands shed, husbands for wives,
 Children for Parents, Maids for sweethearts lives.
 All those that waited on this King of dread,
 Were Furies and the *Manes* of the Dead,
 And direful Hobgoblins which delight
 To ramble in the dismal shades of Night,
 In Meadows, Charnel-houses, and Church-yards,
 To frighten tim'rous Folk, these are the Guards
 Which go before the Harbingers of Hell,
 Who one a Pale-Horse rides abroad to kill.

Being surprized at this wretched Sight,
 I view'd on all sides of this Land of Night,
 Between resolves and doubts, I could not tell,
 Whether I'd best come back or go to Hell :
 At length heart prompting me to see the place,
 Swiftnefs was added to my former Pace,
 I reached presently the *Stygian* Strand,
 Where sacred *Hermes* with his Opiate Wand,
 Was stepping into *Charon's* Boat with Souls,
 Whose *Mittimus* was to those blazing Gaols
 Of *Pluto* : Spying me his List he read,
 To see if I belonged to the Dead,
 But finding I was only crept away
 For Pleasure from Receptacles of Clay,
 He kindly offer'd me his Ferry-boat,
 And promis'd that he'd see me fairly out
 Again on earth ; by virtue of his Charms
 He'd shew me Hell and keep me from its harms.
 Thanking the God for this great Favour, I
 Step'd in among the rest, and instantly,

The Oars with thick-fetch'd strokes conveyed us
 Ashore, where the three headed *Cerberus*
 Barked with such a shrill resounding Yell,
 That it allarumed the Watch of Hell;
 Who came to see what Souls were coming then
 As captive Pris'ners to that dismal Den:
 Where being enter'd the infernal Gates,
 I saw to my amaze, the ghastful Fates,
 On Convex Mounts of Ice, deep sulph'rous Lakes,
 Where Furies with their Hair of hissing Snakes,
 Tortur'd condemned Ghosts with Rods of Fire,
 Plung'd them in surges of Eternal Ire:
 Others in concave rocks were chain'd, which waves
 Of boiling Brimstone dash'd against; some slaves
 Of Terror shriek'd to see the Gulph, which lyes
 Between their torments and eternal Joys,
 There Conscience flew about in dreadful shapes,
 To frighten all the damn'd, for none escapes
 The wrath of God — I roved then thro' Dens
 Of Horror, nitrous Gullies, gloomy Fenns,
 There's not a Rock, but what was fill'd with fears,
 Sighs, screeches, vengeance, frights and briny tears,
 Which scorched tongues would lap but can't, they
 On killing miseries, yet never dye; (lye
 I to amazement saw some damned broyl
 On horrid Flakes of vengeance; others boyl
 In Surges of destructive Pitch and Lead,
 The more they roar'd the more their torments bred.
 Some tumbling thro' the deep Abyss of Grief
 No bottom found to fix thereon relief;
 Devils for Madness of the Overthrow, (glow
 Which makes them walk on Pavements which do
 Much hotter than the flaming *Ætna*, where
 Great Pumice Stones do scorch the flitting Air,

And

And from her burning Bowels, Flames are tost
 Till Fields are in the midst of Fire lost;
 Soaring thro' gleaming Airs where Dæmons rule,
 My Progress was prevented at a Pool,
 The vast Extent of which did seem to lye
 Beyond the Verge of deep Eternity.
 To tell the heighth the sulph'rous waves did rise
 It is impossible, the lofty Skies
 Shew not so high from Earth, as they did flounce
 On Billows which so terrible did bounce,
 As if the Magazines of Thunder were
 At once discharg'd to rend the limpid Air,
 No Souls were tortur'd there, and asking why,
 I was inform'd, the damned when they dye,
 Felt not the Pains they must feel; that's the place
 Where Souls shall suffer pains in full, none trace,
 Not *Pluto* King of Hell, himself, that way
 Of burning Horrors, till the Judgment-day.
 Upon the banks of that Eye-frightning shore,
 Where wrath and plagues will be increased more
 On tortur'd Ghosts that never will consume,
 Reside the Regents of Eternal Gloom.
 Perplex as well as those which humane were,
 In tortures, griefs and pains which endless are,
 But yet insulting over damned Souls,
 Which tumble (more the pity) there in Shoals.

Returning on the wings of winged Speed,
 From those apartments which make *Conscience* bleed
 To lightsome Earth, there happened to be
 An Uproar in these plains of Misery,
 So very terrible and great, that all
 The Fallen Angels fear'd a second Fall.
 I spy'd by the Signs that flew about,
 Physicians and the Lawyers had fell out.

For

For in the Scuffle 'tween the doating Sots,
 There flew Glass-bottles, Urinals and Pots,
 Black velvet Coats and Beast-skins stuff with Hay;
 Happy the Soul that's farthest from the Fray.
 Here *Tip-staves* knock'd down some, and *Maces* beat
 Teeth down their Throats in this great feud and heat;
 The Purfes flew about as thick as Hail, Caps, Gowns,
 Coifs, Writs of Error, there a *Lawyer* frowns,
 And throws about Indentures, Leases old,
 Worm-eaten Statute-Books; but *Pluto*, told
 Of the Rencounter, sends his Guards to quell
 Those common Barreters of Peace and Hell,
 And issued out *Ne exeat Regno* Writs,
 That strangers should not leave those sulph'rous pits
 Till the Ringleaders of this hellish Rout,
 Were to a publick Court of Justice brought,
 And try'd for the Offence, so forc'd to stay,
 I heard the Tryale're I came away.

The Court now set, and *Pluto* likewise there,
 The *Doctors* and the *Lawyers* did appear:
 But *Pluto* in whose Eyes appeared Ire,
 And sparkled nothing but Revenge and Fire,
 Enraged from his flaming Seat arose,
 And thro' his brazen Lungs his Fury blows
 In such like words as these. Ye Reprobates,
 How dost you make these jars within my Gates?
 Do ye, terrestrial Villians strive to shake
 My Kingdom with Rebellion; think to make
 A Conquest over me who dare engage
 A second War with Heaven in my Rage?
 If I yon' Crystal Arch could penetrate,
 Once more should with my Forces tempt my Fate
 With *Angel's* Blood that Milky Causey stain,
 And strive to atomize the World again.

How

How now can you, weak beings, with me cope?
 On things impossible you've fix'd your hope,
 But for the bold attempt in glowing Chains
 Ye shall be ty'd to rocks of endless Flames.
 This said, the three infernal Judges spoke
 To the exasperated King of Smoke,
 Telling him, that no Treason in the least
 Against him was design'd, but at a Feast
 Some *Doctors* and some *Lawyers* fell to blows,
 And made a noise concerning which of those
 Professions ought by cheating most to take
 The upper hand, Sir, in this sulph'rous Lake,
 As we're inform'd. Is't so, quoth *Pluto*, I
 Am satisfy'd, do you the matter try
 Between them. Then stern *Minos* who was see'd,
 Bid first the *Lawyers* in their Case proceed,
 Commanding that they open one by one,
 The Knavish tricks, when Mortals, they had done.

Then at the Bar *T*—— first did tell,
 (Who had an ancient Stander been in Hell)
 That in his time the Laws to any sense
 He wrested, did allow Kings could dispence
 With any Subject's Rights, as they thought fit,
 To Articles of Treason did I set
 My hand and other matters out of Measure,
 To murder Nobles at my Master's pleasure;
 For all Injustice I was so devout,
 That one at *Tyburn* for it cut my throat.

The next spoke *P*——, who op'nly told the Court,
 Of Perjury and Lies I make a sport:
 Nay, for my part, against all Law and Reason,
 I have upheld and vindicated Treason;

For Crimes which did my haughty humour puff,
I lost my Ears, and wore a Wooden Ruff.

Next *B--w* with a *Stentor's* Voice prepar'd
To speak, and thus his Sentiments declar'd,
The Law, by all the World is known to be
Corrupted by the Lawyer's Knavery;
So passing o'er their Quibbles, Cheats, and Quirks,
I shall proceed to tell a Work of Works,
Which I have done, a Work which equals all
The Crimes almost which made the Angels fall;
I judg'd my lawful King, and doomed Fate
To stop his Breath before his Palace Gate,
What nobler Sacrifice than that could be
A President for future Villany.
And for this Deed, I think we *Serjeants* may,
From *Urine-shakers*, bear the Bell away,

Then thus speak *S--s*, Grave Sirs, I must confess
I trac'd, like other Judges, wickedness;
Bribes I ador'd, to rich Men lent an Ear,
Th' oppress'd poor Man's Cause would never hear;
For any Criminal, whose Purse was large,
Juries I gave a favourable Charge.
For that which Lawyers with ill Conscience take,
A very tender good Report I'd make,
Before Death Warrants by the King were sign'd
For such whose villany was not behind
Hand with the greatest Criminals, and most
Deserv'd to dye, but Crimes in Gold are lost.
A matter that depends between the King
Himself and Subject, for an Offering
Of *Achan's* Pelf, against all Right should run
In favour of the Subject, this I've done.

Witness

Witness ye Lawyers a great Doctor's Case,
 Whose Guineas sav'd his Life, he's in this Place:
 Sirs, there he stands, he can't deny't but I
 Was forc'd to scamper for my Knavery.
 I think no Men on Earth live more profane,
 Than Students in the Law, in vice they reign;
 They drink and whore all Night, I'th' Morning rise
 To Cozen, Swear, and tell a thousand Lyes.
 As long as Clients can feed us with Gold,
 Their Cause till Doomsday we can make to hold;
 But for the Poor Man's Cause we let that fall,
 In Law the weakest goeth to the Wall:
 Of Folks they take more Fees than is their due,
 Take Fees of *Plaintiff* and *Defendant* too.
 To see how fast the Lawyers damn their Souls,
 At the *Exchequer*, *Common Pleas* and *Rolls*,
 The *King's Bench-bar*, *Guild-hall*, I vow and swear
 Ye'd think this Place was represented there,
 Having got Client's Land and Money too,
 In *Forma Pauperis* they're forc'd to sue:
 And then poor Rats we mind their Cause no more
 Then damning Bully does his nasty Whore,
 Who can't with Money oftner him supply,
 To loose at the *Groom Porter's* presently.
 Go in a Term-time to *Westminster Hall*,
 You'll see the Place with Lies condensed all,
 Those ancient Courts methinks of *Brimstone* smell
 That (not *Vesuvius*) is the Mouth of Hell.
 If ye should hear what all the Chancellors,
 Attorneys, Judges, Clerks, Sollicitors,
 And Barristers, which are in Hell could say
 In reference to Cheating most, we may
 Sit long enough, the List of all their Names,
 Doth reach from Heaven to these blueish Flames.

Next

Next *J.* spoke in wrath, I could espy
 Rage in his Cheeks and Fury in his Eye,
 He vented thus his Gall: *Gut-Cleaners* think,
 That we shall under them in Cheating sink?
 If stinking Physick is preferr'd before
 The Law, I never shall love Cheating more:
 I'm sure on Earth I've done enough to make
 The Devil love a Lawyer for my sake.
 When but a *Barrister*, I got such Fame,
 That *Brawling* was prefixed to my Name,
 As that great Epithet *Superbus* was
 Always to *Tarquin's*. O what Mischiefs has
 Been hatched in me whilst I wore the Coif,
 But after I was furr'd, I made such strife
 Between the King and Citizens, till they
 Had thro' my means their *Charter* took away.
 The Laws are good, but be too much abus'd,
 Because by Knaves they are so much misus'd
 Some Jack-a-both-sides play, and always Might,
 By Bribes and Favour, overcometh Right. (*James*
 When *Death* snatch'd *Charles* from us, and left us
 To Reign, all Glory be to both their Names!
 I plagued some with Whips and Pillory,
 For keeping *Albion* from *Anarchy*,
 I made him curse the time, he'd ever been,
 At *Salamanca*, or a *Papist* seen.
 My bloody Temper could not be at Rest,
 Till I had near three hundred in the West
 Of *England* caused to be gibbeted
 For standing by a Peer that lost his Head.
 But when I came to bear the *Mace* and *Purse*,
 Instead of growing better, I grew worse.
 But when a *Belgick* Prince to *England* came,
 (Who very much kept Fuel from this Flame,

By

By his suppressing Vice) I was confin'd
 A Pris'ner, where it buzzed in my Mind,
 That if an Ax and Block was not my Fate
 For Tyburn I must look to be a Bait;
 So fearing all I'd done for Hell was vain,
 I took a Dose to damn my self again.
 Thus doubly damn'd, I hope you don't expect,
 The Devil will advancing such neglect;
 Pulse-feelers, here's a shuffling sorry Crew
 Of Hackney-writers, who can baffle you;
 The Sheets they've stole from Lodgings are enough
 To make for ev'ry damned Wretch a Ruff,
 If Ruffs were here in fashion. Don't ye know,
 Impartial Judges, that we long ago
 Were counted bad, for 'tis in Scripture said,
 Wo, twice or thrice to Lawyers, for ye lade
 Poor Men with Burdens grievous to be born,
 But we would let the heavy Loads alone.

Next *W*—t about to praise the Lawyer's Trade,
Æacus interrupted him and said,
 Enough has been declared on your Side,
 Now let the *Doctors* speak, then we'll decide
 The Difference between you presently:
 So *Wakeman* rose, made this Apology;
 I being by the *Doctors* chose to speak
 In their Behalfs, all Justice do I seek;
 The Lawyers swagger and presume to take
 The upper hand of us that always make
 An Int'rest to be great with *Mammon*, few
 Ador'd him more than we, we hugg'd him too.
 The captious Lawyer this and that doth say;
 I'm sure we get our Gold as bad as they.
 We pillage Tradersmen till they've nothing left;
 The poor, who of all Comfort are bereft,

We

We come not nigh, but for the Gentry ; who
 Have Golden Hooks to bait, we Gallop to
 Their Houses fast enough, both Night and Day,
 We make a Coach and Horses dance the Hay,
 Thro' thick and thin we go, thro' cold and heat,
 To smell their Urine, feel how Pulses beat.
 Those we can cure if Money comes apace,
 We keep them backward, things that are more base
 We ast, young Heirs that wants their Father's Wills;
 Fee us to rid 'em with a Dose of Pills,
 Which we perform. Observe when Princes dye
 In hugger mugger, there's some villany
 Of their sworn Doctors in their Death ; ye know
 That I when mortal, for the Overthrow
 Of three fine Kingdoms hired was to to chace
 A Monarch's Ghost by Poyson to a Place
 Where Myriads should have follow'd him to tell
 What Miseries they suffer'd since he fell.
 But this I own, had it not been for S—s,
 I had been Limb-meal'd by the Sheriffs Dogs,
 Doctors as well as Lawyers dare rebel
 Against their King, but to be short, pray tell
 What Crime most honour to Profession brings,
 Ruining Subjects, or the Poysoning Kings ?

This said, old *Radamanth*, who look'd as grave
 As *Stoick*, who at no misfortune rave,
 Declared his Opinion thus, I must
 Own that *Physicians* are not much in trust
 With Hell for any sort of Sin, alas !
 They have enough to purchase half this Mass
 Of blazing Lands, if they were to be sold,
 Doctors will always hazard Souls for Gold,
 But now to give the *Lawyers* their full weight
 Of Praise, for Knavery, they win the Plate ;

From

From our Favour we cannot them disband ;
 For a *Lawyer*, *Lucre* doth make him stand
 With open mouth to catch the yellow Ore,
 Which these hot flames from golden mines do pour.
When time shall come that Earth forgets her weight,
The Sea its current, and the *Spheres* their heighth,
 And tumble into this Infernal Pit,
 Large *Guineas* they will swallow at a Bit :
 You sin enough, but t'others ten times more,
 To *Hell* they're very little in the score.
The Templars, *Lincolns-Inn*, and *Grays-Inn Sparks*
 Are very fit to make the Devil *Clerks*,
 Therefore they must take place of you, and be
 The next to *Jesuits*, for Villany.

This said, the nitrous Judges broke up Court,
 And *Lawyers* gave for Joy so great a Shout,
 That the Abyss that's bottomless did shake,
 And Ghosts in Fire chain'd, call'd from a Lake
 Adjoyning, where the Court was kept, to know
 The meaning of that sudden voice below,
 When orders, were that wandring Ghosts, which
 To view the Mansions of eternal Flame, (came
 Must all depart the Kingdom presently ;
 Which made me glad, and so with *Mercury*
 I came thro' *Tophet* and the Land of Death,
 To Earth, and gave the Flesh its living breath ;
 And glad I was, that I was got so well,
 From *Lawyers*, *Doctors*, and the Bounds of *Hell*.

F I N I S.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



JUN 1964

to view the situation of external Finance.

Shahid-e-Azadi Memorial Hospital, P.O. Box 14154-339, Tehran, Iran

To be sure, and in a like living breath;

And I was glad to see you.

From January 1, 1941, until the outbreak of the

21713